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## FROEBEL'S GARDENS FOR CHILDREN.

PHILOSOPHERS, like the rest of *menkind*, are apt to shrink from the little, squalling, toothless germ of a fellow-creature that mamma or nurse offers for their admiration. They would rather not take it in their arms, and it is only in rare cases of splendidly developed benevolence that a kiss is volunteered. This act of self-devotion accomplished, the philosopher retires to contemplate the progress of civilisation, or the latest discovered nebulae, or the tail of a saurian, as his taste or talent may incline him—forgetful of Baby, as quite out of his sphere, till at least he is equal to digest a Greek root, or understand the difference between oxygen and hydrogen.

Germany, however, has the honour of producing the first philosopher, we believe, whose philosophy had for its object the right comprehension and development of Baby, a task of no small difficulty, as any one will agree who has endeavoured to amuse and keep that troublesome atom out of mischief.

Frederic Froebel was not, as might be imagined from this commencement, a usefully disposed father of a family, whose observations were the result of nightly perambulations in the nuptial-chamber, holding in his arms the small object of his affections. He was a man of high acquirements, a soldier, a mathematician, a mineralogist, and possessed of that lofty class of mind which from varied observation and complicated facts can elucidate principles, and reduce them to simple rules. Education was the focus on which his powers, natural and acquired, centered; and finding everywhere that youthful learners but half comprehended that which was intended to be taught, for want of some previous thoroughly understood starting-point, some ascertained base from which to reach the unknown, he sought, as it were, back for this source, through descending gradations of age, till he found himself arrested and well-nigh baffled by—Baby!

On infant education, therefore, he brought all the powers of his mind to bear, and the result of his researches and reflections has been the institution of Children's Gardens, as a new method of education from the moment an infant begins to 'take notice.' From this epoch to the age of three or four years is, according to Froebel, the most important period of a child's existence. Human instinct shews itself clearly at the outset of life alone, before the second nature of habit and association has distorted or quenched it; and infancy, therefore, becomes the proper period wherein to lay the basis for future educational operations. It is in the play of children, the instinctive

and spontaneous acts suggested to them by nature for their physical and intellectual development, we can best seize the clue to the being still veiled and incapable of a reflective act.

The number and variety of objects surrounding a child, as its mind begins to awake from the sleep of infancy, are a chaos which can only be rendered intelligible by detaching one object after another, in order to place each separately before the new-comer, who hears and sees so much that is novel and puzzling. The fatigue of endeavouring to discern the qualities of each object in the chaos around him, finally exhausts the attention of an infant, and he becomes idle—that is, he ceases to receive impressions from that which he sees; he is wearied, for at this age the child knows already the pain of ennui, of not being understood. To meet these exigencies, Froebel has invented certain playthings which he calls 'the six gifts of Froebel.' These simple normal objects, serving as elements of universal knowledge, are necessary to the child that it may understand, from the first months of its life, form, colour, sound, movement.

The first box of playthings contains six balls, presenting the prismatic colours: these are suspended before the infant when he begins to catch hold of objects, and the nurse or mother moves them in every direction, permitting the child to catch and throw them about, and accompanying every movement with an appropriate song, so that the sound associates itself gradually with a meaning; and this species of gymnastic extends to the intellect. There are a hundred different songs, which indicate an equal number of games with the balls, as Froebel's principle is, not a variety of objects, but a variety in the same object.

The second gift contains the three normal forms, the cube, the cylinder, and the sphere—which offer two opposite and one intermediate form; the first representing variety—surfaces, edges, angles, and repose; the third, unity (for it is everywhere the same) and movement. Between these is the cylinder, which partakes of some of the qualities of each. A small rod passed through the cube from side to side, edge to edge, or angle to angle, enables the child to make it revolve, and he thus sees the cylinder, circle, and double cone, the three fundamental forms of mechanism and crystallisation. A song also accompanies each movement, as in the first gift. The child, of course, cannot comprehend the abstract sense of these things; but he receives an impression, which is all he can at his age.

The third gift is the cube divided horizontally, vertically, and perpendicularly into eight parts or cubes, which the attendant presents first entire,

singing: 'A whole;' then 'two halves,' &c., giving a similar worth to each note, till she has descended from the semibreve to quavers or eighthths. Thus the child imbibes insensibly what is so difficult to impart in after-years by ciphers or in the study of music.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth gifts contain the cubes variously and more minutely divided, permitting of endless combinations by older children, and giving vertical and horizontal portions, which form columns and squares. Instead, therefore, of receiving vague and bewildering impressions of a number of objects partially observed, the child becomes acquainted thoroughly with the most simple solid bodies, and then learns the first divisions of nature in using the materials given him to construct according to his own ideas.

These are the first steps necessary to prepare a child really to know and learn. Generally, a child is left to its own confused impressions, unassisted, or assisted badly; he is left to develop himself by his play like a wild plant, and then at school he is compelled to submit to rules which appear the more severe, as he has hitherto known no discipline, while he is taught superficially a quantity of disjointed facts of which he knows not the principles: nor have they any relation to himself or anything he knows; whereas, accustomed by this method to form numerous mathematical figures, when children thus trained afterwards come to learn mathematics at school, they frequently exclaim: 'I know that very well—I have already played with such things at the Children's Garden.'

But Froebel did not stop here—reflecting that the infancy and growth of each man is an epitome of those of the human race. He observed that the first experiences of mankind were collected by acting. Mankind owe their instruction to their own proper work, the observation of nature, and the employment of its products. Thus they progress from the exercise of mere brute labour, which can only develop physical strength, to the expression of the beautiful—to artistic perfection, which conducts to science.

The child's heart and character, therefore, should be formed by putting his will in action, and the Children's Gardens were established for this purpose—to enable the child, in short, to experience a little of practical life, before arriving at the stage of book-learning or abstract instruction.

Of these institutions, there are more than fifty now established in Germany—namely, at Hamburg, Dresden, Leipsic, Weimar, &c. Almost all those now working are destined for the children of persons in easy circumstances, who can pay for their admission; but the method applies equally to those of the poor and labouring classes, for which, indeed, it is peculiarly suited as a preparation for work.

On a fine June morning, these gardens present a pretty sight. Towards ten o'clock, the children are assembled under the shade of the trees, and ranged in two circles, to the number of fifty or sixty—the younger from two to four years old forming one, and those from four to seven forming the other. Thus assembled, they commence by singing a short simple hymn of thanksgiving, under the direction of two or three young persons, whose services are given with the object of obtaining the requisite practice to fit them to be directresses over similar institutions or in their own families.

The hymn over, and it is short, not to fatigue the children's attention, they proceed to perform various gymnastic games, each of which exercises different muscles, always in time to songs, which explain their gestures—not dissimilar from the songs in our Infant Schools, which serve to connect the action with the idea.

The children are then permitted to play with their boxes of cubes or to cultivate their gardens. This is the favourite occupation in fine weather, and it is

surprising how soon the little creatures learn to cultivate them. Various patterns in pebbles and coloured beans attest the industry of these proprietors of five and six years old; while others model different forms in clay with surprising dexterity. As proprietorship is one of the first wants a child experiences, the private garden gratifies it: here he can ornament, construct, and cultivate—in short, enjoy a *personnel*. But to correct the selfish tendency, there is a common garden, where the children work for the benefit of all.

During the gardening, the directress and the older children watch and assist the younger ones, who would readily dig up what they had planted yesterday, to see if it was growing. It is a good lesson in self-command when they have learned to wait for the process of nature.

On one side a busy, happy group receive a short botanic lesson: they carry plants and flowers to one of the directresses, who makes them observe the primitive forms of vegetation; they arrange the leaves and flowers according to their colours and forms, separating the round, the oval, the pointed, repeating the name of each one and its colour. At another, a joyous *troupe* are engaged in cleaning the cages of birds, rabbits, and squirrels. Various games, or rather exercises with the architectural cubes, succeed. An endless variety of patterns are thus invented: we have ourselves seen some fifty or sixty yards of paper covered with designs taken from the work—the *invention* of children under six years old. Round sticks, little thicker than that of a lucifer-match, are also provided, with which the children form letters, fractions, and, with the assistance of soft paste, various geometrical outlines. The tops of pens also, used by the elder children, are formed, by the aid of pins, into furniture, chairs and sofas, &c.; while strips of coloured paper, straw, &c., are woven with surprising dexterity, and an apparently exhaustless invention.

The results of these labours are carefully preserved in a large case, and sold for the benefit of the poor, or drawn for by lottery on Christmas-eve, and the proceeds given in charity, to the infinite delight of the little labourers, who thus feel that their work is real disposable work.

Besides these occupations, there are, for more advanced children, thin boards, square, triangled, rectangular, and acute angled, of which the number is doubled in each box, from four to sixty-four, to facilitate combinations, on a given point of departure.

Such are the means by which Froebel sought to turn the natural distinctive activity of children to account, by providing materials whereon they may exercise their invention, and thus follow their real tendency to construct and to transform. Their play, too, which, left to themselves, wears them from its desultory nature, he transforms into useful occupation, by giving it an object and a result.

Children, in truth, seldom or never ask for mere amusement—the bright gilded finished toy which they can only look at or roll about the room, is of little interest until it is broken up, in the delightful hope of putting it together again—which is constructing or occupation. Mere play soon tires; the child then demands a new one, and becomes habituated to distraction, to a want of fixity of mind. These gymnastic games—according to Froebel, regulated with method, to which is added a moral and intellectual exercise—not only strengthen but discipline the body, rendering it the instrument of the soul. This point is much neglected in the existing systems of education, which are far from leading to real discipline—exercising the will in exercising the members and the senses. Nor can this well be attained by words, exhortations, orders, or reprimands. Action alone can form good habits, and subdue the physical to the domination of will.

The directress-in-chief of one of these gardens has numerous unpaid assistants, in young persons anxious to acquire a knowledge of the method; which will be still further increased as the opinion gains ground that, to be an efficient mother, a woman must be educated with that view. To develop the educational instinct of women is one of Froebel's principal objects; and for this purpose he invites them to study his plan and institutions—to take the principle of his system, and develop it as may best suit the peculiar circumstances of their families.

In winter and in towns, modifications of the Children's Garden must of course arise to suit locality and temperature; but the fundamental principles—To educate for labour by labour; to fulfil duties as soon as possible, and to fulfil them with joy, through love, not fear; that as every faculty given by the Creator for good, if not well employed turns to evil; to employ and develop the creature, moral and physical, to the utmost; and, finally, to progress from the thoroughly known to the unknown—such principles as these admit of unbounded application; and though the system may appear somewhat theoretical, and the idea of commencing education before our friend Baby is short-coated may seem visionary, there are valuable hints and suggestions contained in Froebel's method, which will, we trust, serve to emancipate childhood from the weary restlessness, the unsatisfied craving for they know not what, which every one who has ever watched the curious peculiarities of the rising generation cannot fail to have noticed.

Already, the benevolent exertions of Madame Marenhok, on whom the mantle of Froebel seems to have fallen, have attracted the notice of the empress of the French; and, at her majesty's request, the minister of public instruction has examined and favourably reported on the system, and several institutions are, we understand, in process of being organised in France.

How far these gardens would be feasible in England, is not for us to say. Such, however, is the system which Frederic Froebel devoted a life to develop and perfect; and if even a portion of the effects he anticipated be realised, it was a life not spent in vain. Reflecting on all that crying scrap of humanity danced about in the nurse's arms may become—on the terrible power for good or evil our own thoughtless conduct to it possesses—we turn with deep thankfulness to the man who has endeavoured to guide us through the morning-twilight of this momentous subject, and with new feelings of awe and respect we take our leave of Baby.

#### IS HE REALLY DEAD?

How complete and absolute either side of a case appears till the opposite one is heard. A visit to any of our law-courts will illustrate this. The story of the plaintiff is usually so finished in all its details as to appear at the first glance impregnable; and persons who hear it are inclined to ask: 'What answer can it be possible to make to this?'—and to regret that the defendant or his counsel should take the trouble to reply to what appears so self-evident. It is difficult to believe, after the high-sounding opening speech of the plaintiff's counsel, and the testimony of his witnesses, that there can be a single flaw in the case, or a chance left even for the defendant to speak. But pause a moment, and see how confidently 'the learned gentleman on the other side' glides into the case under discussion, and observe how speedily he gives a different complexion to the whole matter—how his witnesses knock down the airy structure of the plaintiff; and amazement sits on our brow when, at the end of the trial, we are obliged to depart from our too hastily

formed opinion, because we find the defendant to have the best of the case, and see him walking smilingly out of court, the verdict being in his favour. Every day we have the opportunity of hearing, or at least of reading, such cases. There is scarcely a point promulgated in art, science, literature, or law, in which there is not occasion for the use of the old proverb about 'doctors differ,' which we recently illustrated; and often enough are there cases still more noteworthy than the Torbanehill controversy or the recent affair of poisoning by strychnia.

Having thus premised, we proceed without further preface to an illustrative circumstance. So lately as February last, an instance of suicide occurred, which, from the position of the deceased, and from matters that came out afterwards, attracted very great attention, and which has since given rise to a very curious controversy—one side contending that this person is not really dead, and the other asserting that upon that point there is no room even for a doubt.

The following brief summary of the facts of the suicide, and the reasons assigned for denying it, will put the reader in possession of the whole details. On the morning of Sunday the 18th of February last, the dead body of a man was found at a considerable distance from the public road on Hampstead Heath. A silver cream-jug, and a large bottle, labelled 'Essential Oil of Almonds,' were found by the side of the corpse. The body was quite cold, and the *rigor mortis* perfectly established. It was speedily removed to the workhouse, where it was seen by a medical man a few minutes afterwards. There were found near to, or on the person of the deceased, six sovereigns, two half-sovereigns, a five pound-note, twelve shillings and sixpence in silver, some coppers, a white cambric pocket-handkerchief, a small pocket paper-knife, a latch-key, a pair of gloves, a case containing two razors, and a piece of paper on which was written his name and address. As is usual in all such cases, an inquest was held upon the body. In addition to the coroner for the interest of the crown, it was attended by a coroner to watch the proceedings in the interest of the family of the deceased; and, according to the report in the *Times* newspaper, the jury having proceeded to the dead-house, the following facts were elicited:—

1. The butler of the deceased identified the body as being that of his master, and stated that he must have left the house between half-past eleven, when he saw him last, and a quarter to one, when he proceeded to fasten the door. He also stated that his master had taken with him a heavy greatcoat, which 'he seldom wore.'

2. A labouring-man deposed to finding the deceased 'lying on his back, with his head bent backwards against a furze-bush, and his feet towards the edge of the bog. All his clothes were on except his hat, which lay near to the body.' This witness also described the things mentioned above as having been found beside him, but 'he did not feel the skin of the body at all, to know whether or not it was cold.'

3. A police constable saw nothing about the spot to indicate a struggle, except a mark or two which the deceased appeared to have made with his heels. The cream-jug, which had a few drops of the poison still in it, was lying near him, as if it had dropped from his right hand. The bottle lay on his left side with the stopper out, and about a foot distant from it.

4. The surgeon of Hampstead saw the body at twenty minutes to ten, in the dead-house. It was then quite cold, and the limbs rigid. There was a most powerful odour of the essential oil of bitter almonds perceptible at the mouth; but there was nothing else to shew that the unfortunate gentleman had committed suicide.

5. The butler was called a second time, and identified



the cream-jug as that which his master used at tea on Saturday evening. He also proved that the poison in question had been procured from the chemist with whom the deceased was in the habit of dealing. The order for the poison was as follows:—'Get from Maitland's a bottle of the essential oil of bitter almonds; I don't know the quantity wanted, but—but Kenyon [a groom] writes to me to bring one pound's worth. Pay my bill at Maitland's.' The witness did not know it was poison he was to get at Maitland's. He thought it was some ingredients in a hair-wash which his master was going to mix in two bottles, which had been placed on the sideboard. 'The deceased was a temperate and sober man. He drank only a glass or two of sherry with his dinner. He had not of late noticed any change in the deceased's manner. The deceased was much occupied in business. He had not complained of his head at all, or of not being able to sleep, nor was he under medical treatment. He came home unexpectedly to dinner on Saturday evening. He seldom dined at home, but usually at his club. He left home in a cab on Saturday morning, with a quantity of papers with him, as he was accustomed to do. Before getting into the cab, he returned to his room upstairs, as if he had forgotten something. Again, before he had been away in the cab many minutes, he returned, and went upstairs for a few moments. He drove off in the cab again, and did not return until the evening. He had never before, to witness's knowledge, made any attempt on his life.'

6. A solicitor, who was intimately acquainted with deceased, then gave evidence. He saw deceased last alive shortly before eleven o'clock on Saturday night last. He appeared oppressed by his undertakings. Latterly, he seemed rather haggard. During the last week particularly, there was a great change in his appearance. He seemed to be quite borne down by the extent of his business, and 'particularly by some occurrences which took place with reference to his affairs last week. They were losses and pecuniary embarrassments which had lately come upon him.' During the interview, this witness noticed a peculiarity in deceased's manner. His eyes were bloodshot; he was very restless, and evidently not in his usual temperament. Had never seen him in such a state before. 'This witness had again occasion to call at night, when he was unexpected. 'He seemed surprised when I went in, and was walking about the room, which was very unusual with him. I thought I perceived a great redness and peculiarity about the eyes, as if he had been weeping.' This witness, on being cross-examined, admitted having made a remark to the effect that he would not be surprised if deceased was to shoot himself. 'The reason I made that remark was, that being a man of extraordinary clearness and strength of mind, my impression was that these reverses, coming suddenly upon him, as they did on Wednesday morning last, his mind would break down at once. I was told last week that his losses were very severe. The subject was discussed in my office, and he admitted it.'

The coroner said nothing could be clearer than the cause of death. It was perfectly evident to him that the unfortunate gentleman had died by his own act. Nothing could by any possibility be plainer. 'It was much to be deplored,' said the coroner, 'that facility was afforded to him to obtain the poison in the way he had done; but, judging from his carrying a couple of razors in his pocket, it was clear that if he had failed in destroying himself by taking or procuring the essential oil of almonds, he would have done it with a razor. The only question for the consideration of the jury was, as to what was the state of his mind at the time he committed the act.'

It also transpired, in evidence at the inquest, that the pecuniary affairs of the deceased were greatly

involved. He was what may be called a financier on a gigantic scale; and it has since transpired, that he was at the time of his death involved in frauds and forgeries to the enormous extent of one million pounds sterling, and that an expected early exposure was the motive for the suicide.

In the face of such conclusive evidence as we find adduced at the inquest, and of which the above is a summary, it might, we think, be held as almost impossible to dispute the fact of this being a case of suicide of the most determined kind. The butler speaks positively on the subject of the identity; and the *Times* report mentions that two of his brothers were also present, and likewise several of deceased's personal friends and acquaintances; and it is evident, as they say nothing to the contrary, that they believed the body to be that of the person whose name and address was found in the pocket. The coroner also is certain, and so is the surgeon who made the *post-mortem* examination. But all this, we are told, must now go for nothing—it is only a case of imposture, and a deception which has been practised on the confiding public.

This view of the case was first promulgated in a newspaper on the 29th of March last, in a communication 'by R. W. A. of D.,' whom the editor of the paper in question\* leads us, in a note, to look upon as the same ingenious person who questioned the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte. The following is a summary of the arguments contained in the letter of R. W. A.:—

1. That the first fact of importance in the case is—What has become of all the enormous sums of money that were known to have passed through the hands of deceased? 'That on the particular Saturday of the alleged suicide, a very large sum of money (£1300) was paid by a gentleman into the hands of deceased—a sum of which, from that time to the present, not the slightest trace has been found. Mr Keating, also, on the second day's inquest, speaks of a bank-note of £1000 which was not to be found among his effects.' Various large remittances are known to have been also made, in addition to this sum of £12300, 'clearly made away with.' Therefore, on the very brink of the grave, we find deceased collecting, as it were, his accounts, and as eager for money as if he was to live a score of years longer.

2. The dates of his letters shew that he meditated suicide a full week before its alleged consummation; during most of which time 'he was engaged in borrowing.'

3. The following observations on the *rigor mortis* are made a strong point in the argument. We have first a quotation from *Paris and Fonblanque's Medical Jurisprudence*: 'It may be laid down as a general rule, that the more sudden the death, the longer is cadaverous stiffness from taking place. . . . If a body in such cases be cold and stiff, we may be certain that more than twelve hours have elapsed since the fatal event.' It is argued that the deceased could not have reached Hampstead Heath before twelve o'clock, at the very earliest, taking into account that he was seen by his solicitor shortly before eleven, and by his butler at half-past eleven o'clock. 'The suicide, therefore, could not take place before half-past twelve at the earliest, or two o'clock at the latest; and yet, at a quarter before nine in the morning, the body was *stiff and cold*, 'the *rigor mortis* firmly established!' 'We have already established,' says the ingenious R. W. A., 'half-past twelve as the earliest hour at which a suicide could have taken place, which gives us as the greatest possible interval which could have elapsed between the supposed suicide and the finding of the body "cold and stiff," *precisely eight hours and a quarter*.'

4. Dr Guy, in his treatise on *Medical Jurisprudence*,

p. 278, says: 'One general rule may be laid down. We should never content ourselves with the mere passive exercise of our senses or judgment. It is not enough to see the objects which actually present themselves to the eye—we must look for such as are not obvious at the first glance. To the correctness of good observers, we must add the intelligence and invention of an experimenter. We must beware of a hasty decision, and remember that the apparent cause of death is not always the real one.' And further, as to the place in which the body is found, 'the first caution is not to conclude too hastily that the spot in which a body is discovered is that in which death actually took place.' Dr Beck says, that 'very soon after death such a total change of the features takes place that it is impossible for the nearest relatives to recognise them.'

5. Another medical authority says: 'It cannot be too generally known that upon the discovery of a dead body, its situation and attitude should never be disturbed until it has been examined by competent persons. We may, for example, find the deceased in a posture which he could never have himself assumed, whence we should be led to conclude that he had not fallen by his own hands. In the case of the disputed suicide of the Earl of Essex in the Tower, much information was lost by the body having been stripped and removed before a due examination took place.'

6. We may note as a commentary on the above, that the body was removed to Hampstead workhouse before being examined by any competent person.

7. As to the identification, the following remarks are made:—The body was not identified at the inquest by any individual whose *causa scientie* consisted in any knowledge of the body by marks or peculiarities of structure. The only witness who swears to the identity is the butler, who had been only eighteen months in the service of deceased. 'It is upon the evidence of this person, and this person only, that the body was identified for the jury.' The fact of the butler's not having observed any change in his master during the last month or two, and that his manner on the fatal Saturday was the same as usual, does not agree with the statement of the solicitor, who stated that deceased latterly appeared haggard, and that he noticed an extraordinary change in his appearance during the last week.

8. The remaining portion of the letter is occupied in criticising the fact of deceased being occupied in the preparation of a hair-wash, and is introduced by another quotation from *Paris and Fonblanque*, vol. ii., p. 18. 'In conducting our inquiry, the most trifling incidents connected with the deceased should not pass unheeded; for however unimportant they may at first individually appear, we shall often find that, in combination, they will afford the principal data for the solution of our problem. With how many examples will the history of crime present us where the most minute circumstances have alone furnished the convincing proofs of guilt.' This is followed by a piece of truly singular evidence from the butler: 'Deceased had previously that evening asked him to clean two bottles and place them on the sideboard, which he did. He (witness) did not know it was poison that he had to get at Mr Maitland's. He thought it was some ingredient in a hair-wash which his master was going to mix in the two bottles, which had been placed on the sideboard.'

9. He had just previously posted away a letter to his sister, informing her of his intention to commit suicide.

10. Why did this person walk out to Hampstead Heath at midnight to commit the deed? is next asked. 'It has appeared to me very strange, that a man intending to make away with himself by a poison instantaneous in its effects, should trudge out to

Hampstead Heath in the middle of the night for the purpose, first putting into his pocket a piece of paper to tell his name. In short, the doing so were putting one's self to a deal of trouble for no intelligible purpose.'

11. It is assumed, that among 2,500,000 people (the population of London) it would be easy enough to find a dead body for any purpose.

As might have been anticipated of a speculation so curious as that of R. W. A., it was extensively circulated by being immediately copied into all the London and provincial papers. Of course it was at first only laughed at, as an ingenious piece of reasoning; and the coroner who presided at the trial was thought finally to have settled the matter when he wrote to the *Times* in answer to the above, that there could be no doubt whatever as to the identity of the body, as he himself had made a very minute examination of it, and had even opened the eyelids, &c. The surgeon, too, who made the *post-mortem* examination, thought it necessary to state again, through means of the press, the fact of his having found a very considerable quantity of poison in the stomach of the corpse.

Notwithstanding the re-statement of these two great facts, the idea gained ground that the suicide was in reality a complete deception. The old facts were once again dwelt upon. His anxiety about his papers on the Saturday morning, and his repeated returns to his study after he had gone out, point, it is thought, to anxieties of a different kind from those of approaching death, and lead to the supposition of his being at that time busy making arrangements for flight. The gigantic system of swindling in which it is now known deceased had been engaged, must, it is said, have put him in possession of a sum of money so immense, as to render it easy for him to carry out any piece of deception, however difficult. And we are also triumphantly told, that as the whole career of the man was a development of swindling and forgery, 'he has, in fact, been merely capping the climax of his forgeries by a dexterous forgery of himself.' We are also told, 'that the agony of mind displayed to his visitor of Saturday evening was a clever piece of acting—that the letters were an ingenious contrivance to strengthen belief in his death—that the written order for the poison, the selection of the silver jug, and the body carefully placed on a mound on Hampstead Heath, were all of a piece, cleverly contrived, and admirably carried out.'

The elaborate and varied collection of matters found on deceased, consisting of money of varied kinds, the paper-knife, &c., are all a part of the sham; and the writing of the name and address was unnecessary in the case of a man so well known as deceased, who was a member of parliament, and a celebrated shareholder in, and chairman of many joint-stock companies. It is asked—Would the body have been so readily known had there been no written paper with the name? It is also reported that deceased said, on meeting a friend in the city: 'Good-bye; I am going a long journey.'

Another great fact on this side of the case is derived from the circumstance of the boots of deceased being perfectly clean and free from mud. Why did he choose to go so far from home to die? How did he get there?—in a cab? If so, where is the cabman who drove him? If he walked on a wet night, how happens it that his boots were perfectly free from stain? 'How did he cross the moist and muddy ground that encircled the hillock on which the body was found?' This particular spot could not be approached in the daytime without soiling the boots or shoes; and yet, on a wet evening, at midnight, the journey across the bog was cleanly accomplished! This brings the evidence to a most dramatic climax, and scarcely requires the additional and very latest intelligence we have received on the subject, which goes to prove the whole reasoning to be correct: it is, that a respectable correspondent, living

in Tipperary, writes to the *Cork Examiner* to say that a lady, residing a short distance from that town, had received a letter from her father in Louisiana, United States, in which he states that the supposed suicide is there alive and well, and that he saw him. The name of this American correspondent has been furnished to the above paper, and he is represented as being a gentleman of undoubted respectability.

It will certainly, we think, be admitted, after a perusal of both sides of the argument, that this is a very singular case, and that, if the objections are well founded, it will deserve to be ranked as one of the most interesting in the history of medical jurisprudence. It cannot, at any rate, be deemed to be out of the bounds of probability, for we have perused stories of mistaken identity, in regard to living persons, much more singular than the one just narrated; and we have seen in our theatres such wonderful transformations of face and feature as quite surprised us. Of these we may point to the imitation of the Wizard of the North by Charles Mathews, and the imitation of the latter by Mr Leigh Murray, both recently before the public. And even regarding the identity of the dead—allowing the reader to form his own judgment on the above statements—we can cite parallel instances where mistakes equally curious have been made. The following is a case in point:—In the year 1839, in a certain city, a corpse, with the feet and hands firmly bound with a cord, and the body bent up, was found tied into a sack, which was floating on the water (not the Bosphorus). An examination of the body took place, and several wounds of a superficial character were discovered on the limbs, while on the side of the neck an incised wound about an inch deep was seen. The physician who examined the body inferred from their appearance that these marks were made after death. The corpse was laid out at a particular place, for the purpose of being identified; and, singular to relate, it was claimed as being the corpse of three different individuals: first, as that of a person who had died of delirium tremens, and been buried a few days before in a certain cemetery; secondly, it was positively affirmed, by a celebrated physician, that it was the corpse of a robber whom he had stabbed in the neck while protecting his house from an attempt to rob it by four persons, one of whom was the subject of identification; thirdly, and as if this was not a sufficient complication, a new claimant arose for the body, in the person of a surgeon who had intended to use it for anatomical purposes; and who, while engaged in conveying it to his dissecting-room in a boat, was so unfortunate as to let it fall overboard. All were equally confident in their claims; but it was afterwards demonstrated that not one of them was the true owner of the body, it being proved that the person had died at his own house before the time of the robbery, when the wound was given; and that therefore it was neither the lost subject, nor yet the person who died of delirium tremens.

We need scarcely recall the recent case of assassination in London, or the finding of the body of Foschini, the assassin, in the Thames, at first so positively asserted to be that of the Italian, but afterwards found to be that of another person. Another case of mistaken identity is thus stated by Beck: 'A resurrection-man was tried for raising the body of a young woman from the churchyard of Stirling. Nine weeks after death, the body was discovered, and identified by all the relations, not only by the features, but by a mark which they believed could not be mistaken, she being lame of the left leg, which was shorter than the right. There was a good deal of curious swearing as to the length of time after death that the body could be recognised; but the jury were convinced that the *libel* was proven, and gave a verdict accordingly. Now, I am certain that this was not the body of the woman who

was taken from the churchyard of Stirling, but one that at least six weeks after the time labelled was buried in the churchyard of Falkirk, from which she was taken by this man, who also took the other, for which he was tried—she also was lame of the left leg. Thus, though guilty of the offence laid to his charge, he was found guilty by a mistake of the body.'

We may conclude with one other case of error in the identification of a dead body. It occurred in Canada in the year 1827, where the corpse of a man named Munroe was supposed to be that of a murdered freemason named William Morgan. The body was found on the beach of Lake Ontario, and the jury who sat on it gave in a verdict of its being a person unknown to them, who had met his death by drowning. It was then buried; but, in consequence of a rumour of its being the body of William Morgan, it was disinterred, and made the subject of a fresh inquest. Mrs Morgan, the physician of Morgan, Dr Henry of Rochester, and several others who had been acquainted with deceased, deposed to its being his body. 'Mrs Morgan had not a particle of doubt,' and fully believed the corpse to be that of her husband. From her testimony, and that of other witnesses, the fact of its being Morgan appeared to be conclusively established, in spite of the only two circumstances against it—the difference of dress, and the pockets being filled with tracts; and notwithstanding which, the jury gave a verdict that it was his body, and it was again interred. Shortly afterwards, an advertisement appeared in the Canada papers offering a reward for the discovery of the body of Timothy Munroe, who was drowned at Newark on the river Niagara. From the very minute description of the clothes, it was at once seen that they applied to the supposed body of Morgan. It was again, therefore, exhumed; and from incontestable evidence, the fact was thoroughly established that it was in reality the body of Timothy Munroe of Upper Canada.

#### THE STORY-TELLER OF STAMBOUL.

IN the reign of Sultan Murad IV., there was among the humble subjects of his capital a worthy and venerable book-merchant named Schemsuddin. He occupied one of the principal stalls in the book-bezestan, and was well known to all the literary world in Stamboul. It is true, this did not imply a very large circle of acquaintance, for there were not many persons who inclined to such matters; but the few savans who shared this knowledge between them all knew Schemsuddin well, and often visited his repository. He dealt largely in copies of the Koran, and in commentaries thereupon, in which were chronicled the opinions of distinguished lawyers and cadis upon the civil code of the land. There were also the works of the Turkish and Arabian poets and romancers, the songs of Abou Teman and Hafiz, the wild legend of Antar, and the *Thousand and One Nights*. He had, moreover, a secret store, containing choice specimens of the literature of other languages, classic and modern. This was carefully withdrawn from the public gaze, and reserved for the few whose love of learning rendered them less bigoted than the majority of their faith, who would limit the researches of the true believer to the writings of the Prophet alone. Seldom could the loiterer have passed the stall of Schemsuddin without finding him in learned communion with some reverend imam or gray-bearded cadi, deep in questions concerning law, divinity, or art. Nor would he object, though it was accorded as a favour, to do business with the Frank and the infidel, particularly if he approved himself a man of learning; for Schemsuddin, though a most devout Mussulman, approached in his heart some distance towards the creed, that common knowledge makes men free of a common guild, and that the learned are brothers all the world over. There had Schemsuddin sat for nearly



the whole of his life, seldom going far from his place of business, till years had come upon him, and his face had grown as yellow and wrinkled as the old parchments upon his stall; and since the business in which he was engaged yielded a handsome return of profits, he hoped, 'by the blessing of Allah,' as he was wont to say, 'still to occupy his place in the bezestan, until the predetermined day should come, and he should be transplanted to the gardens of Paradise.'

But every man has his lot of trouble; and even the quiet life of the book-merchant was not uninvaded by care. Schemsuddin had an only son, named Selim; and in every respect the hopeful heir of the book-stall was the opposite to his father's wishes. That father was a man of peace, and he had at one time great difficulty in keeping his son from joining the sultan's army; he was fond of quiet and regularity, Selim was as wild and restless as an untamed colt; the old man had a lingering fondness for money, Selim got it only to spend it with a reckless hand. His father had early marked his unsettled and impulsive disposition; but, hoping that time and regular employment would sober him, he had taught him to read and write, caused him daily to commit portions of the Koran to memory, and by some strong moral agency induced him to read aloud for a part of each day from some book upon Turkish law. Selim grew clever against his will; but no one could have hated his studies more than he did, and he took every opportunity of shewing his dislike to them. It required more than Schemsuddin's powers of watchfulness to retain the lively boy; and whenever he fell into a deeper talk than ordinary with a customer, or whenever he indulged himself in a dose, his scapegrace son would play truant to books, bezestan, and everything, and scamper off to a game on the Atmeidan or a bathe in the Bosphorus. There was only one class of reading which had the slightest attraction for him—the poems and romances aforesaid. These he read until he had committed them to memory; and the recital of these to himself and his youthful companions formed his great delight. Occasionally, despairing of his own ability to produce any impression on his wayward son, Schemsuddin would induce some of his friends, reverend or learned in the law, to remonstrate with him on his conduct; but Selim, having ready wit and a strong inclination to fun, always succeeded in turning the tables upon them. As he used to laugh loudly at his own replies, a crowd soon gathered about them; and as they always sided with the mirth-maker, the discomfited seniors speedily retired from the contest. Thus Selim held on his course, greatly to the grief of his parent, until he found himself a young man, the choice spirit and delight of a band of youths, as wild, though not so clever as himself, but without any means of procuring a subsistence, except by dependence on his father.

'My son,' said Schemsuddin one day, speaking even more gravely than was his wont, 'thou art now eighteen years of age, but thou hast learned none of the wisdom proper for manhood. Thou art like the colt of the wild-ass; thou dost not love the calling I would have taught thee; thou seekest not to build the house of thy father. For every man there is an appointed time of death, and I am drawing near to the end of my course.'

As the old man uttered these words with great feeling, Selim, who loved his father in his heart, could not refrain from tears.

'I should not mourn, my son, if thou wert industrious, and wouldst fill the place of thy father. The tree that is old and decayed, expects to fall; happy is it if it has cherished a sapling, strong and vigorous, to grow where it has grown.'

Selim bent to the ground before his father, and kissed the hem of his robe.

'I have this day made my will,' pursued the old man.

'I have intrusted it to the care of my friend Mollah Hassan, on whom be the blessing, and I have charged him to see it strictly fulfilled. If thou reformest thy life, and pursuest the course I have marked out for thee, thou wilt receive at my death the whole of my property; but if thou continuest wild and reckless as thou hast been hitherto, thou shalt be disinherited, and thy portion shall endow the mosque of which Mollah Hassan is the priest. Arise, my son; who hast heard my will; may Allah give thee grace to obey it.'

For more than a year after this time Selim laboured hard to fulfil the wishes of his father: he forsook the idle company into which he had fallen; he undertook studies that were most disagreeable to him, and became the model of a dutiful son; he endeavoured, moreover, to repress the love of fun which had distinguished him, though not with very signal success. At times the pent-up stream would burst forth, and frequently at the expense of his father's friends, the Mollah Hassan, the arbiter of his fortune, not excepted; but, setting aside these trifling outbreaks, Selim's conduct was most exemplary, and obtained the often-expressed approval of his father. Yet it was not altogether the prospect of the wealth which induced him to this diligence; his affection for his parent, and his sense of duty, had a share in it, for Selim had many good qualities as the foundation of his character.

At last, Schemsuddin's apprehensions were accomplished, and he was gathered to his fathers. The old book-dealer was missed from his seat among his literary wares, and his wonted customers stroked their beards, and lamented gravely the loss of so much learning. The bezestan seemed to lack its most accustomed presence, and the sole memorials of his having been were a new cypress and a turbaned stone amid the gloomy groves of Scutari.

Selim mourned perhaps more earnestly than a more dutiful son would have done, and determined to observe his father's wishes even more rigorously, now that his presence was removed from him. When a decent time had elapsed, he betook himself to the mollah, the executor to the will, to request that the requisite forms might be complied with, and that he might be put into possession of his father's business and wealth. To his great astonishment, Mollah Hassan received him with bitter revilings and reproaches, and commanded him to quit his dwelling.

'Begone,' said he, 'thou impious rebel! Thou hast broken the heart of thy father, my loving friend, the camel of my house. Thou hopest to gain his wealth; but it is forfeited by thy crimes. Hence! The Prophet's curse be upon thee!'

In vain did Selim protest that he only wished the strict terms of the will to be observed; in vain did he offer to furnish evidence of his father's approval of his late conduct—the mollah was obdurate, persisting that he had not reformed his life, and therefore had no claim to the property. The unfortunate youth applied for advice and assistance to some of his deceased father's friends; but they all entertained a prejudice against him, and none of them were willing to exert themselves on his behalf; and when they began to give him grave counsel on his conduct, he found that they had taken greater offence at the mirth he had passed upon them, than at his former idle and neglectful habits of life. Selim made application to some of the inferior officers of justice, but these had been secretly bribed by the mollah, so that they would take no steps in the matter; and as justice in Turkey at that time was very blind and uncertain, it seemed most likely that the hapless youth would never gain his right.

Being thus deprived of the means of subsistence, Selim led a vagrant life, depending for a time upon the casual relief he obtained from those who had known him in better days. This resource speedily

failed him; and he was soon brought to the very verge of starvation, when the idea struck him of turning to his pecuniary advantage the talent for reciting and invention which had made him so popular among his youthful companions. Accordingly, he frequented cafés and places of public resort, where he practised these gifts for the amusement of the company. At first, his gains in this branch of public life were very small; but his fame as a story-teller speedily spread, and his receipts increased accordingly. He possessed all the elements necessary for proficiency in his profession—a clear and musical voice, a ready invention, a retentive memory, an animated delivery, and unbounded assurance. Wherever Selim exercised his vocation, a large crowd was sure to collect about him, and as he brought much additional custom to the *cafédees* (coffee-house keepers), they found it worth their while to supply him with food and money. Thus he went on, laughing and making others laugh, but still neither forgetting nor forgiving the faithless and avaricious mollah who had usurped his birthright. He often interweaved this part of his own history into the wild legends he was accustomed to recite, and declaimed against the injustice with a warmth which betrayed his interest in the matter; while those of his audience who understood the allusion, winked gravely at each other, and puffed away at their narghiles with sympathising ardour. Almost everybody in Stamboul knew of the wrong which had been practised; and yet so influential was Mollah Hassan's gold, that all who had any power to interfere were blind to his villainy.

Notwithstanding his light-hearted disposition, Selim could not prevent occasional attacks of despondency, induced by a keen sense of the injustice he had suffered. Under the influence of these, he would often take long and solitary journeys, and even retire for days together from the society of his companions. He would be missed from his accustomed haunts, and his absence would be lamented by his admirers and patrons; and in a few days he would reappear, and delight them with some new narration of marvellous and absorbing interest. On one occasion, after some days spent in these wild and purposeless rambles, Selim was returning to the capital: it was nearly evening, and he was yet some distance from his destination, when he heard the rumble of an araba behind him. The vehicle drew near, drawn by two richly caparisoned oxen; and the bells with which the harness was studded made a merry jingling as they moved along. The curtains of the araba, needed no longer to keep off the sun, were thrown back to admit the cool breeze of the evening. Selim saw that there were two occupants in the vehicle, both females; and, from the difference in their costume, he judged that they were mistress and servant. They were apparently returning from an excursion into the country, and were under the charge of an aga, who drove the vehicle. As the araba passed beside him, Selim observed beneath the *yashmac* of the superior the twinkle of a merry pair of dark black eyes. Now Selim was a connoisseur in the matter of eyes. All the powers of observation he possessed had been concentrated on the subject, and from long practice, he had become very expert in deducing, from the hue and aspect of that organ, an argument as to the remaining features; and so, on this occasion, though the envious veil concealed all else, yet the tell-tale eyes inspired him with visions of surpassing beauty. The araba passed him by, the tinkling of its tiny bells died away in the distance, and still the light of those dark eyes lingered in his soul, and he busied his fancy in weaving many pretty images respecting their owner. With an eye to business, he soon succeeded in founding a capital tale upon the incident, for the behoof of his friends in his next 'entertainment,' and was just finishing off the plot in his mind, with the readiness of an experienced hand,

when a sudden turn in the road revealed a sight which quickly changed the current of his thoughts. Either through the aga's want of skill in driving, or from some sudden restiveness on the part of the oxen, the araba had swerved from the road, the wheels had sunk into a hollow at the side, and the vehicle was overturned. Selim hastened with all his might to render assistance, the screams which he heard adding wings to his feet, and very quickly arrived at the scene of the accident. He found the younger female stunned and senseless with the shock, having been thrown out with great force; the aga bewildered and helpless; and the elder female, who appeared to be a kind of duenna, or nurse, endeavouring to restore her charge to consciousness, ejaculating meanwhile with great fervency mingled lamentations over her mistress and curses on the stupidity of the driver.

'Ah me! ah me! Fatime, my jewel! Thou luckless offspring of a dog—fifty strokes of the bastinado for thy supper. Look upon me, my flower; art thou dead? Alas!'

Meanwhile Selim stood by in silence, rapt in astonishment at the realisation of his late fancies. Here were the very charms revealed in all their fulness which he had pictured to himself; and he stood divided between admiration of so much beauty and pleasure at his own skill in guessing it so correctly. His heart was rapidly escaping through his ardent gaze, when Fatime opened her eyes, and blushed to find herself unveiled in the presence of a stranger. Her blush was immediately succeeded by an expression of pain; and on her attempting to rise, it was found that her ankle was seriously injured, and that she was unable to move. Selim examined the overturned araba; and finding that no great damage had been done to it in the fall, summoned the luckless driver to his assistance, and soon succeeded in preparing it for further progress. It then became necessary to lift the injured lady into the vehicle; and while the others were leisurely preparing for the task, Selim stepped between them, raised the fair sufferer in his arms, and placed her gently on the cushions. The attendants appeared shocked at his presumption, and the *yashmac* was immediately arranged over the face of the lovely maiden; but Selim had his reward in a grateful glance, which dwelt in his heart long after. He would have accompanied the araba to the city, but the nurse forbade it in no gentle terms, and he felt that such an intrusion would be deemed unwarrantable. He therefore remained where he was until the vehicle had passed out of sight; and when at last he turned to depart, he observed that the lady had left her fan, which he seized upon with eagerness, as a souvenir of the fair Fatime.

Selim's heart burned with curiosity to know who the maiden was whom he had met under these strange circumstances; but he wisely determined, for the present, to keep the whole matter a secret. He returned to Stamboul with his head full of romantic visions, and his peace of mind sadly disturbed by his remembrances of the charms of this unknown lady. He betook himself at once to his accustomed occupation, and delighted an audience more numerous than select, upon that very evening, by the glowing and impassioned terms in which he depicted, with incidents in the story never heard of till then, the mutual loves and sorrows of Schemselnihar and the Prince of Persia. In fact, under this new inspiration, Selim seemed to have become more brilliant than ever; and, like many another poor poet and player in the world's history, he poured forth the tale of his own passion and misfortunes through the lips of his heroes. A few evenings after the event just narrated, Selim was reposing in one of the chief cafés, after having entertained the company with a portion of a tale which he proposed to conclude at the same



hour on the following evening. Occupying the best seat in the divan, and inhaling the grateful incense of the perfumed tobacco, he enjoyed the luxury of listening to the speculations of his audience as to the denouement of the narrative he had begun: some were of opinion that the hero would in the end succeed in uniting his destinies with those of his peerless and adored mistress; while others held that the malignant power of the Evil Genius would thwart this desirable consummation. At last, after many vain appeals to Selim, they decided to await the issue on the following evening, and the conversation took another channel. A shaggy *sipahi* who sat near to Selim entered into discourse with his neighbour. 'Thou hast heard of our pacha's proclamation, brother?'

'I have not. What is it?'

'Three nights since, his daughter, the light of his harem, was returning from a visit to the medicinal waters, accompanied by the aga and her woman, when the araba was overturned, and the lady broke her ankle. A young man passing by had the presumption to remove her veil, and even took her in his arms, and lifted her into the araba. The pacha was so enraged when he heard of this stranger's audacity, that he immediately offered a reward of twenty purses to whomsoever will secure the offender, and bring him to punishment.'

'And by the Prophet's beard,' returned the other, 'our pacha is the man to keep his word.'

To the truth of this remark Selim gave a silent assent; for no one was more noted for severity in discipline and firmness of purpose than Osman Pacha, the commander of the sultan's *sipahis*. Thus, then, the unfortunate youth obtained more light than was agreeable as to the parentage and abode of the young lady whom he had thus mysteriously met. He learned her rank, and what part of the city she blessed by her presence, only to learn at the same time that all hope of wooing and winning her was out of the question. For him, the penniless adventurer; the laugh-maker for street-crowds and idlers at the café, whose scanty income depended on the manufacture of jokes and stories—for him to raise his eyes to the exalted rank to which the lovely Fatime belonged, would be, as he said, remonstrating with his rebellious heart in gloomy soliloquy, 'like a beetle courting the rose.' Still, with all the aid of his philosophy, he could not scatter the delightful vision. His habits of moody and restless wandering grew more confirmed, and he was less frequently met with at his wonted places of resort. Indeed his acquaintances began to fear that the sense of his injuries would either kill him or drive him mad; and either catastrophe would have proved a serious loss to the mirth-loving portion of the population of Stamboul.

Wandering one day through a remote part of the suburbs, he was startled at being suddenly confronted by a stranger, who evidently sought to conceal his features from observation. He drew from beneath his robe a bouquet of rich and beautiful flowers, which he presented to the young man, whispering as he did so a stanza well known at that time among the people of the city:

'The waters go on to the seas from whence they came;  
A loving heart repays in kindness the kindness once bestowed;'

and making a sign as an injunction to secrecy, he passed on his way. Selim did not doubt for a moment that the flowers had been sent from the beautiful Fatime, and hastened, with his heart heaving with eager joy, to seek some retired spot where he could examine this precious missive without fear of interruption. This method of communication was made to supply the place of writing; and as every flower had its recognised meaning, it was not difficult to gather

the drift and purport of the whole. Here was a flower to express the bashfulness of maiden's love; another denoting hindrance and difficulty; another stimulating him to hope and faithfulness; and altogether, the young man, an apt student in such matters, contrived to make out a state of affairs tolerably encouraging to himself. Overwhelmed with joy at the good-fortune which had befallen him, Selim became an altered man in health and spirits, though he kept his secret most religiously, both from motives of honour and also from a prudent regard for his own safety. Messages of the same character were repeated, and he found opportunities, through the same medium, to return suitable acknowledgments and replies; and though the impediments to a successful termination of this love-passage still appeared insuperable, yet Selim almost forgot that it was hopeless, in his joy that it was mutual love.

Meanwhile, his professional reputation continued to extend, till at last it reached the court itself, and the attendants and officers discoursed among themselves concerning the man whose talents were thus dazzling and delighting the people. These reports came to the ears of the sultan, who forthwith resolved that he would hear Selim's performance, and judge for himself of his ability. Murad was very fond of assuming a disguise, exchanging his robes of state for the plain garb of a citizen or travelling-merchant, and thus prowling about to observe the manners and proceedings of his people. On more than one occasion, this propensity had involved him in difficulties in which the commander of the faithful appeared in a somewhat undignified position; at this time, however, he resolved to repeat the experiment, and went forth incognito, attended only by a confidential servant, to visit the café at which Selim was to perform. On this evening, the spacious divan was more than usually crowded, and the disguised sultan, with his companion, joining the throng, was able to observe everything without risk of being discovered. The story-teller commenced his harangue, and it happened on this night that Selim recounted, with more pathos and minuteness of detail than he had ever done before, the tale of his own wrongs and sorrows. The coincidence was so remarkable, that it was commonly reported afterwards that the fact of the sultan's intended presence had been communicated to him by some one who was in the secret.

Bulbul was a wild and thoughtless youth, full of idle pranks and folly, and with a love of fun which led him into many scrapes; and as the speaker described some ludicrous incidents in which he had figured, his hearers were kept for some time in roars of laughter. But Bulbul loved an aged parent, and at his request, began to reform his life, and not too soon, for shortly after the aged father died. The desolate home, the grief of the orphan, and his friendless condition, were dwelt on so pathetically, that the lately smiling audience were melted into tears. Bulbul was the subject of treachery—a perfidious friend grasped the heritage of the orphan; and forthwith indignation was expressed in every face. Then the mystery of a secret love was interwoven into the narrative—there was a maiden 'fair as the rosy-fingered morning,' the rays of whose beauty absorbed his soul; oh, the stars of heaven grew pale in her presence, and the flowers drooped before her superior beauty. The eyes of the breathless listeners flashed as he painted her loveliness, and described the ardour of their mutual love. Then with solemn and piteous utterance, he set forth that all was hopeless, this ardent passion wasted and in vain: Bulbul was poor and oppressed, and Gul was rich and exalted, and the beauty he admired was treasured up unwillingly for another. Then, throwing up his arms, and personating the unhappy Bulbul, he pronounced an impassioned invective upon the enemy who had thus blasted his prospects, and

barred the union of two loving hearts; calling down the vengeance of Heaven upon his guilty head. With this burst of indignant eloquence, he concluded, having with these scanty materials wrought his audience to an almost incredible pitch of excitement.

The sultan, forgetting his disguise in his enthusiasm, exclaimed, in those stentorian tones which so often made his servants tremble:

'Stand forth! thou teller of stories, and let me speak with thee!'

It would be difficult to describe the confusion which took place on the utterance of these words. Murad's habits of wandering about in disguise were well known, and many of those present were acquainted with his person. The moment he was recognised, while many were occupied in making their reverences, others sought only how they might make their escape without observation; for the sultan was not very popular among his subjects, and few were ambitious of the honour of appearing in his presence.

'Stand forth!' shouted Murad again, 'and tell me if there is truth in thy story; for by the beard of my father, if there lives in my dominions such an evildoer as thou hast spoken of, the holy law shall have its course upon him.'

'O my padishah,' cried Selim, prostrating himself before the sultan, and kissing the carpet before him, 'the pent-up fountain must overflow, or burst, and thy slave has set forth his own sorrows under another likeness.'

At the request of the sultan, Selim related again the chief details of his injuries, and revealed the name of the mollah who had chiefly brought them about. Murad then concluded the interview by presenting him with a ring, which he took from his own finger, and commanding him to come before him on the following day, when he would himself be the judge of his cause. Selim failed not to obey the injunction; and on his arrival in the imperial presence, he was confronted with the Mollah Hassan. The young man was provided with witnesses to prove that he had conformed to the conditions imposed by his father; and many of those who had refused him help in his greatest need, came forward now with great alacrity to offer their testimony on his behalf. The arguments which the mollah used in his defence were deemed of no weight. He was condemned to make full restitution, with interest, of the wealth which he had detained from its lawful possessor, to pay a large fine to the government, and to be imprisoned during the sultan's pleasure. It appeared, from documents found in the mollah's possession, that the property thus bequeathed was considerably larger than had been expected, so that Selim found himself suddenly raised from a position of comparative poverty to one of competence and wealth. The young man, penetrated with gratitude for this act of justice, wished to testify his devotion to the sultan, and he offered himself, to act in whatever capacity he might be pleased to employ him. Murad retained him about his person, as possessing agreeable talents which would serve to amuse him in those gloomy fits of despondency and sullenness to which he was prone. After a time, finding him shrewd and sensible, and not unacquainted with the principles of Turkish law, he intrusted to his hands a post in the administration; and thus the youth commenced a career which bade fair to be prosperous and honourable.

Shortly after the restoration of his fortune, Selim, rejoicing in the thought that his love was now not altogether hopeless, determined to make application for the hand of his long-loved Fatime. After sending notice of his intention, he sought an interview with Osman Pacha, and revealed himself as the fortunate youth to whom a happy chance had granted a sight of the surpassing charms of his fair daughter. When he produced the long-cherished fan, and gave the true

account of the occurrence, the grim pacha could not but see that the breach of decorum was warranted by the circumstances, and his frown gradually relaxed into a smile. Selim's proposal, as a man of wealth, and a favourite of the sultan, was deemed 'eligible;' and so the beautiful Fatime became in due season the light of another harem. Thus was furnished an instance—of rare occurrence in eastern life—of a marriage founded upon mutual affection; and thus was provided an unfailing source of inspiration for every succeeding story-teller that may chant his ditty in Stamboul.

### THE SONG OF THE ROBE.

Ox whom has the mantle of Thomas Hood fallen? Is there no living poet competent to sing the Song of the Robe? This is a song that should be the most mournful as well as the most poetical in the anthology of our language; a song the first stanza of which should kindle our eyes with indignation, and the second quench that indignation with tears. It should be a song of tyranny—of bondage—of hunger appeased only by the loss of appetite—of dimming of the sight ending in utter darkness—of girlish cheeks coloured only by the hectic spot—of failing limbs, trembling fingers, sinking hearts—of disease—despair—and untimely death.

The victims of the Shirt, generally speaking, belong to the humbler classes of society; those of the Robe merely to the weaker. They include the daughters of clergymen, half-pay officers, authors, artists, professional men—of all, in short, who write themselves gentlemen, without possessing means of greater permanence than their own lives. Their orphan-girls have spirit, poor things: they will enter a woman's business, and support themselves by womanly work—work demanding light and skilful fingers and elegant taste—work that will bring them into contact only with their own sex. And so begin their servitude the slaves of the robe. No hard servitude, in truth, would it be with moderate hours and comfortable living, for most of these young women have accomplishments to amuse leisure, and cultivated minds that can find amusement in themselves. Their employer is of the same rank, and with the same tastes and habits; she is—perhaps good-tempered, and as liberally inclined as the cares of this dirty world will permit. Why should they not be happy? Because their employer has task-mistresses above her, and task-mistresses of the most arbitrary and unyielding character, although in other respects they may be models of feminine gentleness and generosity. Under this régime the slaves of the robe work till their health vanishes, their eyes fail, and their hearts sink. There is no Ten Hours' Bill for them. When a job is to be done, they must do it, at whatever cost of health, sight, life itself; or refusing, they must suffer themselves to sink into destitution, or beggary, or disgrace—or the Thames. Eighteen—nineteen hours are no uncommon stretch of work with them; for that ball-dress must be finished by a certain time. Since it must be finished, it is finished; and the lovely wearer, lovelier for the flush of gratified vanity, steps proudly into the illumined room to enjoy the homage of all hearts and eyes. The dress floats about her as if made of woven air: it has nothing of the leaden heaviness of the eyelids that drooped over the creative needle, and are now closed in the sleep of exhausted nature, resembling that of death. The perfumed air is unburdened with the weary sighs of the hearts that sunk lower and lower as the work advanced. The light reflected

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from gems and mirrors dazzles without blinding; and there mingles not with the exhilarating music even the faintest moan from the white lips of the slaves of the robe. In point of fact, this wearer is, or may be, the most amiable of her sex. To call her tyrannical, unwomanly, inhuman, is mere nonsense. She is not criminal, but thoughtless. The idea never occurred to her that any evil could arise from throwing her sudden order for a ball-dress into a business already full of work. She has all her life been accustomed to this sort of thing, for fashion is always spasmodic; and she has not been accustomed to think of the human hands engaged in the execution of her orders.

Most of the speakers at the meeting which took place recently in London to begin an agitation in favour of the slaves of the robe, scouted the idea of legislative interference; and in this they did wisely. Such interference would bring the agitation to a close, and the evil would go on as at present; for the same dread necessity which now forces the workers to submit, would still continue. What is wanted is, to teach those patronesses who have been proved by a Committee of the House of Commons to be the means of inflicting blindness, general disease, and death itself upon their dependents, to think; and to enlighten that ignorance of the rich and amiable which unconsciously perpetrates barbarities upon the poor and weak, at the idea of which, if suggested, their hearts would recoil. The agitation has been commenced by the right sort of men—Lord Robert Grosvenor, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the bishop of Oxford, and others—and we have strong hopes that they may be able to bring humanity into fashion. It will no doubt be joined, by and by, by coarser, harder natures, who will not scruple to enlist personality in the good cause; and cases may even occur in which legal inquiries will demonstrate that Lady A., Mrs B., and Miss C., however innocent or ignorant they may have been, were actually guilty of homicide. This consummation, we fancy, would greatly benefit the slaves of the robe, but it would be more creditable to the cause if it could be done without. We would prefer, for our own part, intrusting the affair to the ladies themselves. A paper, strongly written, and signed by persons of rank and fashion, agreeing to withdraw their patronage from milliners and dressmakers convicted of overworking their assistants, would be worth more to humanity than the united diatribes of the whole press. It is true, appeals of this kind have already been made, and in vain; but such a meeting as the one we have alluded to must receive attention. It is now known to be a question not of ordinary cruelty, but of homicide; Sir James Clark being of opinion that the mode of life of these poor girls is such as no constitution can stand, and that one more calculated to destroy human life could not well be conceived. Similar evidence is given by Dr Hamilton Rowe and Dr Hodgkin; while Mr Dalrymple, surgeon to the London Ophthalmic Hospital, declares that all forms of ocular disease are induced in this way, from simple irritation to complete blindness. The bishop of Oxford, at the meeting, did not scruple to trace home the barbarity to the ladies of the higher classes—the leaders of the ton, as they are called in novels—and exclaimed indignantly: 'It was for flower-shows, balls, and other entertainments—it was for the gay dancing of painted butterflies in the summer sun—it was for such things as these that their sisters and daughters were to be offered up at the shrine of this modern Moloch in the valley of abominations!'

This is all very amiable in the Right Reverend Father; but he must be aware that there are things we all wear which are known to be produced by still more objectionable slave-labour. There is no need for calling the ladies in question names, for these only

fall back upon ourselves. What we should do is to teach them to think; to instigate them to inquire whether it is in their power to save their sister-women; and if they find this to be the case, to point out to them the proper way to proceed. To suppose that there is one single individual among these ladies who would persist in her order if she felt assured that it could be executed only at the sacrifice of the health, sight, or life of any human being, is mere folly. They do not suppose this; and, wonderful as it may appear, the mere suggestion of this idea, even accompanied by the facts now stated, will have no effect in fixing it in their minds. The agitation must be continued; the press must speak loudly; and the voices of the noble and the great must aid the cause in private intercourse. And there is nothing mysterious in this seeming obtuseness, nothing that applies more to the fair offenders than to other unconscious wrong-doers—in other words, to us all. Every one of us is sufficiently anxious to reform his neighbours, but no one thinks it necessary in the first place to reform himself. He may indeed assent to the suggestion that this latter is necessary; but even after such assent is obtained, it is only constant pressure from without that will force him to action. The same principle in human nature carries the views of philanthropists from their own to distant countries and unknown peoples. The misery exists at home, before their very eyes; but they prefer sending their aid abroad. We once spoke to a millionaire Quaker in behalf of the destitute family of a man who had been unwearied in his promotion of the schemes of that benevolent body. 'I cannot give my thoughts to such matters,' was the candid reply; 'talk to me of the millions of India, and I will listen.' Even so do our fashionable ladies feel. They have no want of humanity or generosity, and no unwomanly hardness of nature; but they find the usual difficulty in turning their eyes inwards, and realising the fact, that nothing but their unconsciousness saves them from being convicted of selfishness and barbarity. We have taken many other occasions, and shall take many more, to urge that reform must commence within, and then spread outwardly, but—

We preach for ever, and we preach in vain.

#### REATON AND REAMOUTH.

THAT is our address; not Reaton simply, nor Reamouth simply, but Reaton and Reamouth as above, like Beaumont and Fletcher, or a firm: that will find us, we flatter ourselves, all over England, without further direction. Anybody, who is anybody, will tell you that it was here he spent his honeymoon in the summer of — Well, perhaps he will not be quite exact about the year—but in the summer, while the blue waves were sparkling in our sandy bay, and the Rea ran down to it along the deep defile under our great green woods of oak. There is nothing like a railway within twenty miles of us, and there is not likely to be one; no engineer, however anxious to display his skill, would select a course that must be *all* tunnel; no passenger, however careless of the picturesque, would like to be kept quite in the dark during his entire journey. Our position with reference to everywhere else, to the rest of the whole world, is that of one curved foot of the letter A to the other; and there is no road except over the apex: a centrifugal railway from that point would indeed be admirable, if we could be sure of stopping a foot or two short of the Bristol Channel. But, as we have said, there is no design of the sort at present in contemplation. As yet, we are content to slide down cautiously in coaches with two drags apiece



for about eight miles, and to accomplish the ninth at a hand-gallop, in order to get swing enough to bring us up the Reaton precipice. That is an awful period; the harness strained to the uttermost, the horses pulling for their lives, the driver lashing them unceasingly with terrible cries, the outsides jumping off in every direction, the insides in hysterics, and the coach perpendicular. 'The moment,' as the French say, 'is supreme.' From my lofty dwelling-house, which is admirably adapted for the residence of an eagle with a small family, the vehicle resembles that one drawn by the industrious fleas, and appears to have been run away with by these eccentric steeds up a window-pane.

The first view of Reaton is peculiar, and not pleasing. Every house that is not a hotel is a boarding-house or else a lodging-house, or both; 'Lodgings' invite you to enter upon every board where you expect to find 'No Thoroughfare'; 'Lodgings'—not only by the week, but by the year, and I daresay (horrible thought!) even for life—are let into the rocks by the roadside in bass-relief, and suspended from the trees, like signs or malefactors. You cannot climb up one of the little perpendicular streets without being requested, at the most inconvenient and angular part of the ascent, to walk in and rest yourself somewhere—by looking at furnished apartments. When you have toiled up to one of the cliff-terraces—where the little slip of garden hangs outside the doors like a carpet on a rail, and the steps that lead to them are like so many Jacob's Ladders or the accommodation-stairs of a ship's side—dulcet voices, such as strove to lure poor breathless Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, suggest that there is an excellent sea-view from their front-parlour. As you ramble along our wooded by-paths, and by some well-kept cottage-home, a smiling face will greet you over the low hedgerow with a 'Honeysuckle Lodge this is sir yes sir three bedrooms and two sitting-rooms plate and linen found no extras,' in a breath. You will have cards of the different dwellings offered you within the first half-hour of your stay at Reaton, enough to set you up in luggage-labels for life, and (in case the particular web about which you are hovering chance to have already a victim) disinterested verbal recommendation sufficient to reanimate your young belief in the perfectibility of the species. Opinions of a contrary character are never stated directly, but are drawn forth in honest confession, and with seeming pain, like drops of gall expressed from lips that are wont to distil honey-dew. 'O no; we know nothing of our own knowledge, sir, of Widow Jones and her house but what is good, poor thing; and if articles have been missed there now and then, and a noise made about them, who can tell? But then, sir, I am no gossip—not I.' Or: 'Rose Villa, sir—oh, beautiful, certainly—a perfect gem, indeed, and on the banks of the stream too. You heard of the four little children all dying there the year before last, from the damp, I suppose, sir? No! Well, seeing you looked like a family-man, I thought I ought to mention it; but you need not say it was me, please.'

Something of this sort I heard of my present landlady and lodging in the cliff-terrace, conscientiously imparted to me by her female rivals on either side, who awaited me with that angelic purpose in the dark tunnels that are the only communications between the back-ways to their mansions and the road. From their gardens and from mine, there is a view that well repays the trouble of climbing up to them. From my seat here, amongst the laurels, I see the little white village spread out before me in the foreground, like a relieve-map, with every house in it distinctly visible, and all that is done before the doors and in the streets.

We watch the mail-cart coming up the hill in the morning, any time between ten and twelve, and mark who has a letter and who has not, and if the postman stops to gossip for a second with the little haircutter; we see the doctor as he sits unconscious in his woodbine arbour—a sanctum sanctorum of more mysterious secrecy than the surgery itself—and detect the smoke that circles in the air from his pipe of peace; to many a meeting in alley and back-garden we are witnesses, of loving couples to whom prudence or fear of ridicule does not permit more open welcome or adieu; and we have our eye upon that gardener's boy in the rector's strawberry-bed, who looks so carefully around him each time he partakes of that forbidden fruit. On the left stands a brown craggy hill, at whose summit goats are browsing, and making themselves statuesque against the bright blue sky; with here and there a little field, enclosed by low walls of stone, where a rough pony or a mule or two pick up an indifferent living. On the right slopes a deep gorge, with one steep side well cultivated except where waves a fir-wood, and the other a mass of oak-wood, dense at the base, and thinning towards the brow, from which great wastes of downland stretch eastward for miles and miles. In front, and immediately below the town, lies the Bristol Channel, at all times, whether in rage or rest, specked with ships; with the Welsh coast and its round green mountains rising dimly through the haze; and apparently close by, but separated from us by a sheer descent of half a mile, the three brown bays of Reamouth, with their blood-red heights, grass-crowned; and beyond, the headland stretching far to sea.

From this fair picture, painted stroke by stroke from nature, here as I sit and view her, one cares to part but seldom; and yet there are as glorious sights to be seen. A mile's walk westward brings me to the valley where the Titans fought with Jove: a desert of rocks, part piled to heaven, part cast back angrily upon the plain; enormous slabs of blue and gray, with angular jagged edges, such as must have hurt, if they ever hit, those early gods. There is a barbaric sort of old-world joy I still experience in rolling these missiles down very steep places where there is an unseen path below; there is just enough chance of somebody passing along it to produce excitement, without the certainty that constructs actual crime. Of these stones, in far later times, but yet long ago, the Druids built their temple in this same place. The mighty circle is set somewhat inland, but the sea is seen from it quite plainly; and the thunder of the waves must have accompanied their dreadful rites. The cliffs here sink into the depths with scarce a slope, but round them has been dug a broad safe walk—the work of one old man in the years between his seventieth and his eightieth birthday—a mile in length, and seats of stone along it, above which, as we sit, the sea-gulls bark like hounds at fault, crossing and recrossing with their snowy wings jet-freaked, or peering from the dizzy crevices: they think I have designs upon their nests, poor things, and very much overrate my facility of climbing.

I cannot express the horror that comes over me whenever I get 'crag-fast,' or seem to be so, above any great height: my brain whirls, my limbs droop powerless, and my tongue itself is paralysed with excess of terror. This is partly constitutional, and partly, I think, occasioned by a frightful adventure that happened to me lately near this very place. A zigzag path leads down from one of these rocks to the beach below, the only bay just there which is thus approachable from the land, and I descended it one early morning in search of shells for my little child. Finding scarcely any booty of that kind, and observing the tide to be going out still, although it was nearly at low-water mark, I ventured round the point into the next cove, wetting my boots slightly in the attempt.

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The pools left here by the tide were as clear as crystal, the sand was whiter, and the shells easily to be seen; but a vast cavern, such as I had never before known of, so red as almost to appear red-hot, took my attention away at once, and induced me to explore it. It ran straight inward, as though bored by some enormous auger, for a great distance, and then sloped a little upwards. The water that dripped down from the roof with a dreary continuous sound was of the colour of blood. It looked much too horrible a den for smugglers, and must have been the haunt of pirates at the very least. Sawney Bean would have taken it with all the fixtures on a lease of ninety-nine years, at sight, I am certain, and would have had very pretty pickings there out of the Reaton and Reamouth tourists, doubtless. I scrambled over some of the recumbent rocks, each resembling in its fantastic hideousness some petrified wild monster of the sea, and pushed on through the gloom to the very end of the cavern: its great mouth seemed from thence quite a moderate-sized aperture. I climbed up its little curve, which had no outlet of its own whatever, and could thence see only the faintest glimmering of daylight. This took me some considerable time, but still I remained sitting there for several minutes longer, enjoying the horror of the situation, the luxury of a melancholy not procurable at my house in Cecil Street, Strand, till it struck me on a sudden, like a blow, that the sea might then be cutting me off from the point. I ran out from the cave like a greyhound, topping this obstacle and clearing that, for I felt that I was running for my life. Yet, as I ran, I remembered, for the first time, an awful story told of this very place, of a poor Reaton fisherman whose hand was held by a huge crab under a stone until the tide came up and drowned him. I seemed to see him as he was found, days afterwards, with wrist half severed by his own clasp-knife, in the desperate and futile hope of ridding himself in that way from his terrible jailer. My fate, alas! was as surely fixed. There were six feet of foaming wave about the precipitous height round which I had come, and I could not swim a stroke! A semicircle of cliffs, from 80 to 200 feet in height, hemmed the bay closely in; and except a fissure here and there, and a narrow ledge upon which scarcely a goat could have found foothold, their sides were one unbroken steep; while the glorious sun overhead, just beginning to run its course, was gilding the town upon the opposite shore, and awakening its inmates to life and happiness. I was sentenced—I felt it—to cease in a few hours. The waves whose play and murmur I had watched and listened to before with such delight, seemed to ride sparkling in with a terrible joy, and to threaten grimly as they creamed upon the beach. The glittering shore which had first tempted me to my doom was becoming narrower and narrower, and the mere strip that was left to me for standing-room had changed to shifting quicksand. I waved my hat and handkerchief, and shouted to the vessels as they went gallantly by before the freshening breeze; but my voice was lost at once in the tumult of wind and wave, and my signs, if they were seen, were unattended to. How could it be otherwise, I reflected, when I myself have often given the same salutes for very joy, and to please my child; and why should I be now regarded more than then? Cognizant of my real danger, and expecting death indeed as I fully was, it was singular—it seemed so even at that time—that I should fall to reason with myself in this fashion, and that my thoughts should wander back to trivial circumstances of my past life, rather than dwell upon the present horror, or presage my future doom. The spray dashing on my face as I stood helpless with my back to the cliff, first aroused me to action, and recalled the cavern to my mind. It would afford a little longer space for existence, and there was a hope—shadowy enough, but still a hope—that the tide

might not always penetrate to its extreme end. The floor was a gradual slope until it took a sharp turn upwards, as I described; but the roof, which was at first as lofty as a cathedral, sank and contracted almost at once, so that I could touch it, and the walls also, with my outstretched hand. Both were wet and slimy, but whether from the tide or the damp I could not tell. I drew out my watch, and calculated that in about four hours and a half I should be in safety, or a dead man; then I watched the cruel waters gradually usurp the cavern, and retreated step by step before them. When it grew almost pitch-dark from the waves filling up the entire aperture, I crept up as high as I could possibly go, and with my head in a fissure of the rock, and the rest of my body gathered up together in a heap, I listened with straining ears. I knew that I must be suffocated there long before the sea could come up and drown me; but instinct seemed to have overcome reason, and I acted as probably an animal would have done in such a plight. The roar of the billows as they broke against the rocky sides in the darkness, 'the scream of the maddened beach dragged down by the wave' as they returned, and the solemn sough when a huge mass of water swelled from time to time, unbroken, into the cavern, were hideous to hear: it seemed as if some terrible conflict was going on between Earth and Sea for this disputed territory, wherein Light had declined in any way to interfere. Now the tumult seemed a little to subside, and my heart began to resume something like its usual pulsation—now to increase in fury, and all my little edifice of hope went down at once. At length, and after what seemed hours of suspense, I came to be sure that the flow had ceased—that the tide was going down. When I knew that this was so, indeed, and that the sea could come no further, but must needs retreat hundreds of yards before it returned again, I could scarcely wait until the passage was sufficiently shallow for my exit; it was, in truth, a resurrection from the tomb. With how light a heart I ran up the zigzag path, and back along the cliff-walk!—how thankfully I passed by Reaton churchyard, with its multitudinous tablets to mariners drowned at sea!—how doubly dear my little daughter seemed to me!—how sweet a home appeared that terrace-lodging!—the milk had quite a creamy taste at tea!

People don't come to Reaton expecting dissipation, of course; they never come twice with that object, certainly; but we have our excitements for all that. A lecture will be given a fortnight hence at the Reaton Arms upon the genius and humour of Mrs Hannah More; and we are all wild about it already. There is a billiard-table at that same hotel, and some spectral cues without any leathers hang about it; but the cushions are as hard as lignum-vite, and give forth a dull sepulchral sound when struck, as though to remind the profligate of his end: there is a damp, unhealthy air about the room, too, as though it were haunted by the shades of extinct billiard-players, accustomed to the Quadrant, and condemned to practise on the Reaton table for their sins. The most popular gaiety here, however, by a long way, is waiting for the post: the hill is alive with fashionable visitors, who promenade up and down untiringly, and to whom the uncertainty, within an hour or so, of the time of arrival gives the business a pleasing zest. When the cart has come at last, they crowd round the little office-door, and push and quarrel just as though they were the merest common people. If you venture to suggest to this bald-headed aristocrat who is trying to beat the fragile shutter in, that the letters are not yet sorted, he will reply, with a stony look: 'I am aware of that, sir!' and go on rapping with the ivory handle of his umbrella, as though he were a 'spiritual manifestation,' which, however, he does not look like at all. Everybody reads his letters standing in the street; and when I have none of my

own to occupy me, I watch the countenances to see who has got a dun, or a disagreeable friend coming to join him, or a copy of love-verses, or the second half of a ten pound-note.

Reaton has three shops, and they each sell everything; where I buy my steaks I procure my illustrated note-paper, and where I purchase pickles I also get my shoes mended. Reamouth has only one shop, at which her twin-sister gibes; but she retorts, something as Remus did to Romulus in their vision of birds, that hers was there the first, is the oldest established concern, has more things in it than the other three together, and a circulating library (of one-and-twenty volumes) into the bargain. Reaton, says she, is on a pyramid, swept by the wind, and shelterless from the sun. Reamouth is in a well, retaliates the other; and advises her own visitors to stay where they are, and let well alone. Certainly, if Reaton is approached only by a precipice, Reamouth is reached only by means of a shaft. It is close under your feet, it is true, but unless you go a mile round by the road, the plunge—walking sedately down being out of the question—can be only accomplished in this manner: you must fix your eye, and keep it, upon a tree, a wall, or other firm object at any convenient distance, and then run straight at it with stretched-out arms; you will be there immediately, so be ready to hold on at once. When you have regained your breath, and feel pretty strong again, look out for another haven a little lower down; and so on. It is the most charming village in the world, and possesses the prettiest cottages, with two exceptions, out of Switzerland. The Rea rolls turbulently through its centre, under bridge and over rock, down to the sea-shore. On east and west rise high hills, covered with woods, from which outpeer a gable-end, a quaint-shaped chimney, and here and there a coloured patch of garden-ground. To northward is the little harbour, with the smallest, rudest of piers, and the tiniest tower at the end of it that ever played at being a light-house. The stream that looked so grand further inland, thundering like a miniature Niagara, and sweeping the least impediments remorselessly away, here finds its level in the waste of waters, like some country squire in the great world of men; its channel, from the very mouth, has to be marked by little poles on either side, to guide the fishing-craft; the steam-packet that passes by three times a week, lays to awhile that the big boat yonder may fetch those bound for Reaton and Reamouth in. How passengers to other places must envy these their quiet resting-place, the fairy harbour and the full-foliaged rocks, the rainbow-coloured cliffs and breezy down! Southward and upward stretch two great ravines, the valleys of the eastern and western Reas. For miles and miles, the wood-paths track the streams, through oaken glades in which the checker-work of sun and shadow plays upon the mosses, past water-fall and pool, and rippling shallow; or climb up, on a sudden, verdant hills, from which is seen the far-stretched glory of the land and sea. These walks of Reaton and Reamouth are indeed their pride—free as the air to all, yet every spot seems private: the board that warns the trespasser surmounts the gap furnished with steps, and made inviting to the foot of age; the summer-houses indeed have doors, but they are always open, and seem inscribed with the initials of the whole human family. We meet no fiercer creature than a donkey, side-saddled to carry some fair burden up a steep, or picturesquely burdened with baby-panniers; nor any of our own kind save those which are most pleasing to the eye: the landscape-painter at his darling occupation, enriching man, and yet not robbing nature, with nature's fairest scenes, to gladden those who cannot see her face to face; and those loving pairs who wander over valley and hill, and more especially through the solitary groves, with but one couple of

arms, as it appears, between them, the newly married, the enthusiasts of a month, who are termed by our simple country-folk 'the mooners.'

#### PRINCE TUMEN.

THIS personage takes his title from the first city built by the Russians in Siberia (1586), some hundred miles or so south-west of Tobolsk. He is a prince of the Calmucs—those rough and ready Tatars who made so great a sensation with their bows and arrows in Paris during its occupation by the allies in 1814. He is a chieftain among the savage hordes that wander over the vast pasture-deserts of Astrakhan or the sandy sea-border of the Caspian. He is a leader of men whose simple, nomadic, and somewhat uncouth habits have still kept them free from the dull uniform despotism of the rest of Russia. He is, in fact, a character, and as such we will pay him a visit in his palace on an island of the Volga.

But, first, let us inquire into his religious principles. Is he a Greek, or a Roman, or a Protestant Christian? As to the two last, we can answer for his being neither of them; and since he is not a member of that somewhat increasing colony of baptised Calmucs to which the Russian government has granted a fertile territory, with the city Stavropol, in the Orenburg district of the government Ufa, he must even be no Christian at all. And such is the actual fact. What is he, then? He is a worshipper of the Grand Lama, who represents the god of gods.

He is therefore a believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis. He is firmly convinced that the instant the divinity has left the body of the Grand Lama on his corporeal decease, it informs the system of some other human being, and thus, by the simple principle of transmigration, perpetuates the sovereignty of the faith. I do not know whether he has ever made a pilgrimage to the shrine of this incarnation of Shigemooni, the god of gods—or, by the imposition of his hand, received a pardon for all past or present sins—or, by the presentation of a little ball of consecrated dough, carried away with him the wherewith to frighten whole legions of evil and malicious spirits; but all these things are very likely. As to a future, he believes that we are degenerate beings from the upper world, who, after being subjected to a state of trial upon earth, will enter after death upon a higher or lower condition, according as we have been good or bad men. This doctrine, we are told, renders the worshippers of the Grand Lama benevolent and moral.

But our caïque is waiting for us—we will therefore step in and see if Prince Tumen is at home.

From the island of the Volga, on which the city of Astrakhan is built, we rowed some little distance over the broad bosom of that river to another island, whereon stands the palace of the Calmuc chieftain. At first, we descried a little oasis, as it were, of floating verdure anchored amidst the waste of waters—a second Delos raised by Neptune for a second Latona; but by and by it waxed upon our vision, objects were thrown into deeper relief, outlines became more distinct, imbosomed banks and spreading trees multiplied themselves in the distance; while the palace, with its turrets of open fretwork, gleamed ever and anon through the screen of shadowy foliage which obscure it.

On the arrival of our boat, we fastened it to a tree in a neighbouring thicket, and jumped on shore. Approaching the palace, we were introduced to a young man in uniform, a member of the princely family we were visiting. With as much ease as affability, he guided us through the mazes of that gorgeous structure, where, at every step, new beauties met the eye, and new groupings of luxury and art delighted the senses. At length we were ushered into a room, and then into another, where Asiatic pomp

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vie with European elegance. A little time, and tea was served—tea brought in caravans from China, and prepared upon a silver tray by a Polish lady, who did the honours of the table. She was beautiful, as all those who prepare tea upon a silver tray and in a princely palace ought to be. But her courtesy was equal to her beauty, and she spoke French to admiration.

The room gradually fills with Russian and Cossack officers. You are half inclined to ask why these are here; but they look so much at home, that you feel at once the question would be out of place. At length there is a stir, and the head of the family, the old Prince Tumen himself, makes his appearance. And what is he like? Something very wild and savage, and Calmuc *par excellence*?

No; he is a quiet gentlemanly-looking man, and has the bearing of a grand seigneur of the olden time. His eyes may be a little almond-shaped, or his cheek-bones a little prominent, for these bespeak his Mongol descent; but otherwise, his manners are moulded in the most elegant fashion of European civilisation; nor does his general appearance discover aught of kindred with the Tatars of Genghis and Timour. The first salutations over, he thanks you with an exquisite grace for the visit with which you have kindly honoured him, and presses you to pass the night beneath his roof. As you feel a refusal would be out of place, you of course yield to his solicitations; and after the lapse of an hour or so, are shewn into your room.

And now look around you. The windows open upon a long gallery, and objects rare and valuable are scattered about in all directions. Every article connected with the toilet-table is in silver; while the furniture forms a *tout-ensemble* rarely if ever surpassed. In vain do you search for something which shall remind you of your whereabouts in the country of the Calmucs; in vain do you endeavour to catch some local characteristics from that magnificent water-girt palace, with its external lace-work of balconies and screens and fairy ornament, and its treasures inside of satins and silks, cushions and carpets, mirrors and crystals, gold and silver, and precious stones—works of art and works of industry which seem to have been raised suddenly from the bosom of the Volga by a magic-wand belonging to no less a personage than the Wizard of the North.

But, wearied with wonders, you at length seek your pillow of peace, and for once sleep under the roof of a Calmuc chieftain who worships the Grand Lama and believes in the doctrine of the metempsychosis.

Now, Prince Tumen has a sister-in-law, who is very beautiful, and passes for something like a prophetess in her own country, which is rather contrary to the usual order of things. This lady is generally an inmate of the palace; but during the summer season she prefers a tent, in the open air in its vicinity. Thither, then, after having broken our morning fast, we will forthwith proceed.

And when the curtain of the tent is raised, what do we see?—A large circular space, lighted from above, covered under foot with a rich Turkish carpet, and hung with red damask, whose reflection bathes every object in a glow of summer sunset. The air we inhale is loaded with perfumes. In the midst of these perfumes and the glow of summer sunset, seated in a raised alcove at the further end of the tent, clothed in brilliant garments and immovable as an Eastern idol, sits the ruling spirit of the scene. Some twenty women in full dress are seated round her on the ground. After she has allowed her visitors sufficient time to admire her, she beckons them to their different seats on a large divan opposite her own; but if a lady form one of the party, she descends the steps of her dais, approaches that lady, takes her by the hand, embraces her affectionately, and then leads her to the seat which she herself has just quitted.

Touching this ceremonial, Madame Hommaire de Hell pays the Calmuc princess the greatest compliment a French lady could pay her, by saying: 'Une maîtresse de maison à Paris n'eût pas mieux agi.'

Countless courtesies are now exchanged through the medium of an Armenian interpreter. When these begin to flag, the princess makes a signal, at which one of the women of honour rises up, while another draws forth her *balalaïka*, or Oriental guitar, and strikes some melancholy notes, which, by the by, seem but ill suited to the occasion. They are intended, however, as a dance-tune; and in accordance with their rhythm, the woman who first rose now moves in languishing monotony of action—sometimes advancing, sometimes retreating, sometimes stretching out her arms and falling on her knees, as though to invoke some invisible spirit from above. But as you do not perhaps care to hear any more about this Calmuc pantomime, we will proceed to a minutest investigation of the princess herself, and give you our experience in the words of the lady whom we have already quoted.

'Her figure is striking and good,' says Madame Hommaire de Hell—'at least as far as I could judge through the surrounding folds of numberless garments. Her finely chiseled mouth opens upon two rows of perfect pearls; her face is full of sweetness; and these advantages, with a complexion somewhat bronzed, though of remarkable delicacy, would, even in a Parisian salon, constitute a very pretty woman, if the general shape of her countenance and the moulding of her features were but a little less Calmuc. Still, in spite of the obliquity of her eyes and the prominence of her cheek-bones, she would find more than one admirer in many a European capital. Her look, in particular, expresses great goodness of heart, and, like all the women of her race, she wears a gentle aspect of humility, which renders her only the more engaging.'

'And now for her dress. She is robed in richest Persian, which is covered with silver-lace and a tunic of soft silk, descending only as far as the knees, and opening in front. Every seam is hidden with broderies of silver and fine pearl. She has round her neck a white cambric handkerchief, clasped with a diamond button; on the back of her head is placed a coquettish little yellow cap, bordered with fur; but what surprised me most was an embroidered cambric pocket-handkerchief and a pair of black mittens.

'Thus is it that the produce of our industry creeps even into the toilet of a great Calmuc lady. Amongst the ornaments of the princess, I must not forget to mention a large gold chain, which, after interweaving with her beautiful tresses, and falling on her bosom, was linked up again, on either side, to earrings of the same metal.'

Half an hour has now elapsed. There is a pause; and we are just congratulating ourselves on the dance being over, when the first Esmeralda touches a companion on the shoulder, and this new actor prolongs the pantomime.

Another half hour elapses. The Armenian interpreter begs his mistress to permit her daughter, who hangs back concealed behind a neighbouring curtain, to give us a sample of her powers; but there is a difficulty in the way. Although the Calmucs have as yet no published copy of *Hints on Etiquette*, custom and tradition have formed a little code of their own. Herein we learn, that when one lady is dancing, she cannot invite another, *vis à vis*, to take her place, but must touch her on the shoulder, as the signal of her wishes.

'Well, and what of that?' you will say; 'cannot Esmeralda touch the princess's daughter on the shoulder?' By no means. It would be the grossest violation of Calmuc etiquette possible. No woman in attendance on the sister-in-law of Prince Tumen

is permitted such familiarities; hence the difficulty of the position.

But the Armenian is a man of ready invention. He darts forth into the centre of the circle, and performs such an original series of antics, as to call forth the applause of every one. Then directing his steps toward the curtain by which the young girl is hid from vulgar view, he lays his finger lightly on her shoulder, and his aim is won. Forth comes the maiden—pretty, languishing, timid—and in her turn communicates the magic touch to her brother. The latter is a youth of some fifteen years of age, who, dressed à la Cossaque, seems very loath to add to the nationality of the dance by donning the Calmuc cap. Twice he throws it on the ground, but twice resumes it, at the bidding of his mother.

All things, however, in this world must have an end, and so must our interview with the Calmuc princess. On our return to the palace, we are attracted by a *taboun*, or enclosure for wild horses. Five or six cavaliers are waiting our approach, ready with their long slings to dart amidst the fiery steeds, and catch any one we may select. At a given signal, they rush upon their victims, and in an instant, a young horse, with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, is trapped in the fearful snare; maddened with terror, it snorts and writhes through every limb. A Calmuc, who follows on foot, vaults upon its back, cuts away the sling which covers its head, and commences a struggle of unexampled daring and agility. Now horse and rider roll together on the ground, now dart like a flash of lightning through the cloven winds, or stop as on the verge of a sudden precipice; in a moment the horse flings itself on the earth, or rears and tosses in an agony of rage, then, dashing over the open area with terrible leaps and bounds, tries to throw off its unwonted burden.

But in vain. Supple as a tiger, and bold as a lion, the Calmuc flings himself into the passions of his courser—follows every impetus, and yields with every strain. While the one foams and trembles, the other smiles as coolly as if he were but playing with a baby's toy. Even women and children of tender years will do the same. Horse-exercise is the great amusement of the Calmucs, and a mastery over the rebellious spirit of an untamed animal their glory and delight.

But we must leave this spectacle. The day is closing in, and a splendid banquet awaits us at the palace. The delicacies of the West and the luxuries of the East are lavished on our senses. The cooking, half French and half Russian, leaves the nicest appetite little to desire. Everything is served on silver and gold, and the wines of France and Spain tinge the crystal glasses, while champagne sparkles like waters from a Moorish fountain.

So lives Prince Tumen, the worshipper of the Grand Lama, and the believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis.

#### SHAKESPEARE'S STAGE.

The Elizabethan theatre must be viewed as little better than one of Richardson's shows, as far as appliances go. The curtains pull apart, and there is a tapestry representing a town—that is Troy. To make sure of it, there's a board overhead with the name written upon it, like a finger-post. At the back of the stage is a platform and balcony—that is the city-wall, where Helen will see the armies, of eight men each, pass in awful procession—the Greeks a little knock-kneed, the Trojans two of them squinting. The musicians are in a high stage-box. The actors enter—Troilus in hose and doublet, and Cressida, a plump boy of fourteen, in fardingale and scarf. A man in a black velvet cloak, heralded by a trumpet, has before this entered as Prologue. Such is Shakespeare's stage. On the boards at each side are gallants, smoking and laughing. The pit is standing, and the second gallery

is cracking nuts and pelting Hector with rotten apples. But in the best boxes we see some rather eminent men—Burleigh, for instance, and Sidney and Raleigh, while Shakspeare acts Achilles.—*Thornbury's Shakspeare's England.*

#### SILENT TEACHINGS.

SUNLIGHT! tell the hidden meaning  
Of the rays thou lettest fall;  
Are they lessons writ in burning,  
Like God's warning on the wall?  
'Strive, O man, to let a loving  
Spirit cheer the sad and poor;  
So shall many a fair hope blossom,  
Where none grew before!'

Stars! what is it ye would whisper  
With your pure and holy light?  
Looking down so calm and tender  
From the watch-tower of the night.  
'When thy soul would quail from scorning,  
Keep a brave heart and a bold;  
As we always shine the brightest  
When the nights are cold.'

Hast thou not a greeting for me,  
Heaven's own happy minstrel-king—  
Thou whose voice, like some sweet angel's,  
Viewless, in the cloud is heard?  
'Though thy spirit yearneth skyward,  
O forget not human worth!  
I who chant at heaven's portal,  
Build my nest on earth.'

River! river! singing gaily  
From the hillside all day long,  
Teach my heart the merry music  
Of thy cheery rippling song.  
'Many winding ways I follow;  
Yet at length I reach the sea.  
Man, remember that thy ocean  
Is eternity!'

J. C.

#### THE USE OF A PENNY.

What could a journeyman shoemaker do with a penny? I answer at once: Buy a pennyworth of leather, make a pair of trouser-straps, and sell them for twopence. Put another proposition: What could a journeyman tailor do with a penny? I have known boys' caps to be made out of the merest scraps of cloth, and to be sold at a profit very large in comparison with the cost of the material. A carpenter with a bit of wood—a tinman with a bit of tin—a comb-maker with a bit of bone—an engraver with a piece of copper or a bit of wood—a fan-maker with a piece of paper and a few chips—a designer with a black-lead pencil and a sheet of paper—a glazier with a bit of glass—a needle-woman with needle and thread—a gardener with a small packet of seed and a square yard of ground—a ticket-writer with a little colour and a piece of card-board—an engrosser with pen and ink—indeed, anybody with anything, resolved upon making a beginning, can do it. . . . Many will say that, had they a few pounds, they feel that they could do something. To such persons I say: Begin and get the few pounds. Do not let life slip away and see you still lamenting the want of opportunity. Begin—work first for the opportunity—and then for the result.  
—*How a Penny became a Thousand Pounds.*

#### EDITORIAL NOTE.

We have to inform our readers that the article in the last number, entitled *The Unlucky Trimmer*, is not, as would appear on the face of it, and as we believed it to be, an original piece, but an extract from *Hungarian Sketches in Peace and War*, from the Hungarian of Moritz Jokai, with a prefatory notice by Emeric Szabad, &c. Thomas Constable and Co., Edinburgh. 1854.

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